How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience!
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helpes it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word:
O heavie burden! *Enter Hamlet.*
Pol. I heare him comming, withdraw my Lord.
Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take armes againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them: To dye to ſleepe
No more; and by a ſleepe to ſay we end
The heart-ake, and the thouſand naturall ſhockes
That fleſh is heire to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſht, to dye to ſleepe,
To ſleep perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that ſleep of death what dreames may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortall coyle
Muſt give us pauſe, there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,
Th'oppreſſors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
The pangs of deſpiſed love, and the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurnes
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When as himſelfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels beare,
To grunt and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The undiſcover'd Countrey, from whoſe borne
No traveller returnes, puzzels the will
And makes us rather beare thoſe ills we have,
Than fiye to others that we know not of.
Thus conſcience does make cowards,
And thus the native hiew of reſolution
Is ſicklied ore with the pale caſt of thought:
And enterpriſes of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turne awry,